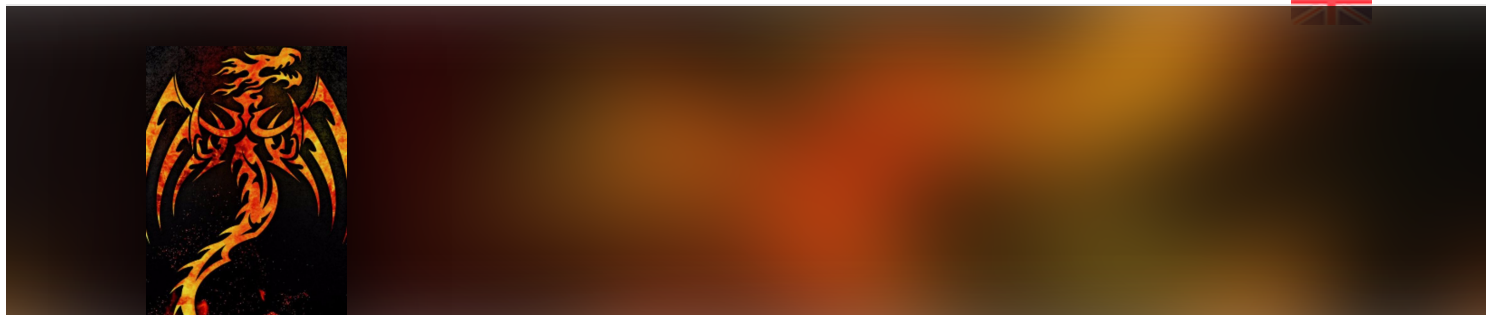




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## Draco Exitium--A Sequel to WMDH



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### Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

Adjusting my sword belt and sharpening my claws as I walked, I dawdled along the wooden rope bridges leading from building to building in Drethsin, the Dragonborn city I now called home. I should have been hurrying, but even after 3 years here the treetop town still dumbfounded me with its beauty. The houses were mainly plaster-and-stick walls built into the trees' branches and covered with gorgeous gold paint--or was it real gold?--I had no idea. They were beautifully decorated, with hand-carved designs in the doors and roofs and glassless windows draped with fine curtains of silk and cashmere. The rope bridges were simple and sturdily built, affording a view of the beautiful forest below and the gorgeous mountainside landscape. Lovely little lanterns lit with dragon-fire hung in the canopy so closely overhead. It was beautiful.

"Hey," a voice startled me out of my reverie. It was Talien, considerably taller and handsomer than when I first saw him 3 years ago. He was in his Council robes and looked amused--well, as amused as eyebrowless dragon-eyes can look. He was dragon in all the right places--it made him very attractive.

"We have been waiting for you, my love," he murmured, placing his hand on my lower back. "The meeting has already begun."

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Minutes later I took my seat beside Talien at the table in the Council Hall. The elders and other Council members were all

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"What has happened?" I asked Talien, rather lost

The head of the council, Nalis, turned to me and spoke.

"The Council has expressed desire of war against the humans."

/What?!!/

## Chapter 2 by R



"I move to address the council." I say, standing up. No one moves to stop me. I am a junior council member, but I am quickly rising in the ranks. Who knew that years of lying made me in to a talented orator?

This is much more formal, but I have to be formal if I want them to listen. Nalis may have been looking at me, but he addressed the council.

"Fellow council members," I began, trying to hide how much my hands were shaking. "I must advise against the idea of war with humanity."

"-human sympathizer." Here come the whispers. I have to keep myself from blasting out at them.

"Not for the sake of the humans, but for the sake of we dragon born. We may hold the advantage in power, but our number is small and we have no allies to come to our aid. Most of the dragon born are not fighters, and the humans have perfected arts for the slaying of dragons. We may leave a dent on there number, but they would overwhelm us by sheer size."

"That is a valid point, Novice Lasserta." Nalis replies.

I stare around the room. Some of the council members seem to agree, but most look at me like they always do. They think of me as new, and young, inexperienced and beneath them. I have served on this council for two years, and they still view me like a child, a novice.

One of the spectators rises, approaches the council. There is something strangely familiar about them, though their face is not one I remember. "I wish to address the honorable council!"

He says, bowing deeply. Nalis nods, and he says, "I seek to convince you to go to war."

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I would not let that happen.

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